

His battle with hereditary Church-formulas was severe, but it was by no means his one battle with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle; neither, according to my observation of what it was, is it alone in the *Book*.

[illegible]

Carlyle has done his work in a different spirit. He goes to the heart of the subject, and presents an image of shining gifts, glorious aspirations, and baffled hopes, which, under his plastic hand, grows up into a monument of sad and pathetic beauty, which is absolutely without a parallel in English biographical literature.

Sterling was born at an old baronial residence called Kaigies Castle, on the isle of Bute. His father, who afterwards arrived at a certain kind of celebrity as the "Thunderer of the *Times*" newspaper in London, was then experimenting for a livelihood as a sort of gentleman farmer, in a small way, having before thrown up his commission as captain in a marching regiment. After frequent removals, occasioned by the unset- tled life of his father, at the age of sixteen, John was sent to the University of Glasgow, in which city his mother had some connections. He remained at that seat of learning one year, when he was removed to Cambridge, in 1824, at the age of eighteen. Here he became acquainted with his subsequent biographer, Julius Hare, who was his tutor at Trinity College. A friendship there sprung up, which continued ever afterward, without any abatement of affection on either side. Mr. Hare pays a warm and heartfelt tribute to the rare gifts, the brilliant ingenuity, the prompt logic, the fervent eloquence, and the admirable disposition of his pupil, while he does not claim for him the character of an exact scholar, or technical proficient in either Greek or Latin literature, though he freely read the best classical authors, both in the ancient and in various modern languages. His studies at the University were of a very discursive nature, not confined to the express arrangements of the place, but launching out into an encyclopædic variety of reading, speculation, fancies and inferences.

But the social circle into which he was intro-

power to these studies, and his learning was far after than any scholastic studies. He was surrounded with a large and genial band of youthful comrades. Among these were men who have since become eminent for their learning and ability; some of them signalized by their freedom of thought and devotion to liberal ideas. In a club, composed of the choicest spirits then at the University, Sterling took a prominent part. With the usual alacrity of his nature, he became a frank and ardent antagonist of the prevailing hollow and effete traditions. Both in religion and politics, he sided with the radicals, as the name was somewhat loosely applied. "A young ardent soul looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul evils as world never was before; which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning up without delay, and sweeping into their native Chaos out of such a Cosmos as this."

Leaving Cambridge in 1827, after a brief University life of two years, Sterling was thrown upon the world with no clear prospect of finding an appropriate sphere of activity. The professions were unsuitable; they to him, he to them. "Professions, built so largely on speciosity instead of performance; clogged in this bad epoch and defaced under such suspicions of fatal imposture, were hateful, not lovable, to the young radical soul, scornful of gross profit, and intent on ideals and human noblenesses." No profession could claim the loyalty of his brilliant, erratic nature. This was the most tragic element of his life. "So swift, light-limbed and fiery an Arab courser ought, for all manner of reasons to have been trained to saddle and harness. Roaming at full gallop over the heaths—especially when your health was London, and English and European life, in the nineteenth century—he suffered much, and did comparatively

The only field in which at length he could gain footing was that of literature. All his gifts and tendencies pointed to this wild, anarchic, nomadic sphere. In connection with his college friend, Frederic Maurice, he assumed the charge of the literary newspaper *The Athenaeum*, which had then been recently commenced by the well-known James Silk Buckingham. His papers in that journal, though crude and imperfect, are singularly beautiful and attractive, pervaded with "the ruddiest glow of young enthusiasm, of noble incipient, spiritual manhood, once more a divine universe unveiling itself in gloom and splendor, in auroral fire-light and many-tinted shadow, full of hope and full of awe, to a young, melodious, pious heart just arrived upon it."

*The Athenaeum* did not survive long, but

The *Standard* did not prove successful on the commercial side, and it was after a while transferred by Sterling to other hands. But he still retained his intimacy with the highly intellectual circle in London, with which he had become a prime favorite. His open, guileless, trusting spirit made him a brother to all noble souls. Rich in cheerful fancies, in grave logic, and in child-like gaiety, he was the admiration of a large and variegated circle of acquaintances. His chosen companions were inspired with the same hopeful radicalism; with himself, devoting their best energies to political reform, and contemplating root and branch innovation by the aid of the hustings and ballot box.

For the present, his and those young people's aim was: By democracy, or what means there are, be all impostures put down. Speedily end to Superstition—a gentle one if you can contrive it, but a strong one if you cannot. Let the world adopt notions and imaginations which do not correspond to fact, which no sane mortal can deliberately ascribe to his soul as true, which the most orthodox of mortals can only and this after infinite essentially *imaginary* struggles of the eyes and mind, persuade himself to 'believe that he believes it, all true'—this is the name of God, come out of it, all true men.

Poetry of heart, a certain reality of religious faith, was always Sterling's, the gift of nature to him which he could not and could not throw away, but I find that his religious faith was as good as altogether Ethnic, Greekish, his Goethe, his Schopenhauer, his religion. The Church, with her articles, is without relation to him. And along with obsolete spiritual

alism, he sees all manner of obsolete thrones and wig-wigged temporalities, and for them also can prophesy, and wish, only a speedy doom. Doom inevitable, registered in Heaven's Chancery from the beginning of days, doom unalterable as the pillars of the world, the gods are angry, and all Nature groans, as this doom of eternal justice be fulfilled.

With easy audacity, with enthusiasm tempered by wit, as is the manner of young men of his generation, and with, group after group, the spirit of democracy and the spirit of the era, he was engaged in the most arduous and chivalrous battle-field, or almost of a day throughout the most perilous and stormy, and bout of a lifetime, the great American controversy — was sustained by Sterling and his friends.

Sterling was married in 1830. His wife was graceful, pious-minded, and affectionate woman, who loyally marched by his side through the many changes of his brief pilgrimage. During the next year his name became known to Carlyle for the first time. John Mill, Mrs. Austin and other friends spoke of him with great affection and much pitying admiration. "As gifted, amiable being," characteristically remarks Carlyle, "of a certain radiant tenacity and velocity, too thin and vapid and diffusive, in danger of dissipating himself into the vague, or, alas! into itself — it was so that, like a spot of bright colors, rather than a portrait with features, he shone occasionally visible in my imagination."

The sad catastrophe of Torrijos, the Spanish patriot, in whose enterprise Sterling had taken the deepest personal interest,—his intercourse with Coleridge, for whom he cherished a sympathizing reverence,—and the failure of cherished hopes for the progress of democratic freedom,—now brought on an important spiritual crisis in Sterling's history. He awoke to a new religious sense, and all his faculties of awe and devout impulse were aroused into unwonted activity. His letters at this time speak of earnest spiritual strivings, of attempts by prayer and longing endeavor to find his way into the true sanctuary, where his soul could enjoy the wishful repose. At this epoch, Sterling fell in with the old tutor, the Reverend Julius Hare, a man of varied accomplishments, and earnest religious feeling, whose influence at this time on the morbidly susceptible mind of his former pupil could not fail to make a deep impression. In consequence of the free communings which they had enjoyed with each other, the purpose, for some time cherished by Sterling, of entering into the Church, was quickened into maturity, and with little preparatory reflection, he hastened to become a clergyman. This step, in the opinion of his biographer, was rash, false, unwise, and unpermitted. Of all the evil lessons which Sterling received from his time, this was the worst,—and it was the apotheosis, the solemn apotheosis and consecration of them all.

The Time, men, with its deliriums, has done its worst for poor Sterling. Into deeper aberration it cannot lead him; this is the crowning error. Happily, as befits the superlative of errors, it was very brief, almost a momentary one. In June 1891 Sterling gave as installed in Hermon, Me., and, following, he took his whole soul into the business, and so truly so far, as outward results could show, not already in September, he begins to have misgivings, and February following, quits it altogether. — the rest of his life being, in great part, a laborious effort of atonement for the error of June. — of him, and he freed of it, as well as in title.

Sterling now took up his abode in London. His health began to show alarming symptoms; he was compelled to make several foreign excursions for its benefit; and on his return established his family at Clifton. His general condition at this time may be seen in the description of his

At London we were in the habit of expending Sterling pretty often. At the first of these, this house as it were, was closed for a fortnight, and the house as it were, came away as sunshine in the gray weather to me and mine. My daily walks with lion had long since been a thing of the past, and I had been in the country and Ergevord's perhaps the last of the kind he and I had, but our intimacy, deepening and widening year after year, knew no interruption or variation. My relations, valuable or even invaluable to both parties, and a lasting loss, hardly to be replaced in this world.

His visits, which were usually of two or three days, were always full of business, rapid in movement as the lightning, and in the evening, when the day's work was over, he was entering a whole cornucopia of talk and speculation was to be discharged. If the evening would not do, and my affairs otherwise permitted, I would sit up with him till dawn, and he would be shutting athwart the big Babel, wherever his calls and pauses had to be. This was his way to husband time. "Our talk," in this straitened circle, was a thing of the past, and I had been in the country and Ergevord's perhaps the last of the kind he and I had, but our intimacy, deepening and widening year after year, knew no interruption or variation. My relations, valuable or even invaluable to both parties, and a lasting loss, hardly to be replaced in this world.

[illegible]

personally in a very graceful way. We got into the car and I told George that I was not at all concerned of well whithered, nor that our haste was at all special; however, the carman, sensible that his pace was slowish, took to whipping with a stick. Effective, pastidious, business-like, assiduously kind, though his horse seemed lively rather than weak, he was a very different type of remembrance with the savage fellow. "Let him alone," answered Sterling. "He is kindling the enthusiasm of his horse. You perceive, that is the first thing, then we shall do very well" as accordingly we did.

Retreating from the scene of the Clifton calamity, he spent the winter of 1900 at Falmouth, but it was soon manifest that the friendly hand of death was at work, though slowly, to relieve him from the unpleasant conflicts, which had thus far marked his life in life.

In April, 1862, he was at his own health again, laboring pursuing his old labors—struggling to reform, as he did with a gallant constancy, the available months and days, out of the wreck of so many months and years, and to make the most of his life in this world. His swift, decisive energy of character, the valiant will he made again and ever again, starting up fresh from amid the wounded, and the shattered, and the broken, his admirable, unshakable and noble fund of natural, healthy, and vigorous energy of disease. Somehow one could never quite realize that he was diseased, that those fatal ever-recurring breakdowns were, not almost rather the penalties paid for exuberance of health, and of vigor, and of the power of his own great fortunes, incurred by excess of self-reliance and of the irrepressible over-rapidity of movement, and the vagueness was habitual with us, that increase of years, which had destined this over-energy, would first make him a decrepit old man, and a sorer prosperous worker among his fellows. It was a little, with a little of kind flame that one heard of his being ill again. Poor Sterling—no man knows another's burden—these things were not, and were not to be, in the

For the three succeeding years, his life was a personal battle with disease—in the beginning of 1813, he met with an accident, which caused the rupture of a blood vessel, and produced a dangerous hemorrhage. This was soon followed by the loss of both mother and wife at once: "the fearful scene we give in our own words, as quoted by Carlyle:

A day or two afterwards, 'on Good Friday, 1813,' his wife got suddenly through her confinement, bringing him a little white girl, who and the mother are doing as well as well as the mother still lives and does well, but for the Mother there was another lot. Till the Monday following he would altogether well, he affectionately watched her, he was the nurse of that day, some change for the worse was noticed, though nothing to alarm either the doctors or him, he watched, he heard,

"I awoke on Monday morning, for the doctors had not yet decided whether or no to operate. I did not seem able to make much of the symptoms. She appeared weak and low, but made no particular complaint. The London post arrived as an especial trial. Sir John's letter into another room brought me tidings of his Mother which it brought him returning suddenly with a face which in vain strove to calm his Wife asked. How at Knightsbridge? My Mother is dead!" answered Strangely. "My Mother is dead?" repeated my wife, murmured after, thinking of old Edward Strang no less lively in the world, and these were her own last words, in two hours more she too was dead. In two days more my Wife were suddenly both carried away from him.

"I came with a still suddenness," writes he to his London friend. "Still for a short time I had my doubts, but I soon saw that the medical aid was useless. When I received that fatal news from Knightsbridge news, I began to suspect our own pressing danger. I received her last breath upon my lips. Her mind was much sunk, and her perceptions almost gone. I could have sworn that I had never caught the idea of dissolution, and argued that should assuage her. She faltered painfully, 'Yes yes' returned with fervency the pressure of my lips, and in a few moments her eyes began to fix, her arms were thrown up, and she gasped for air."

Monday morning, April 18th, his wife died. His Mother had died on the Sunday before.

you will wean the reflections of Carlyle on this  
 visit, with his characterization of the lost wife.  
 He had loved his excellent kind Mother, as he  
 might and well might, in that good heart, in all the  
 wanderings of hisown, there had ever been a shrine  
 of warm pity, of mother's love and blessed soft  
 affections for him, and no act was closed in the Eliza-  
 bethan, which he did not feel that he had done  
 for her, who had faithfully attended him so long in  
 all his pilgrimages, cheerly footing the heavy tur-  
 bulence was along with him, can follow him no farther.  
 I look now at this side. "The rest of your pilgrimages  
 done, O Friend, adieu, adieu! She too is forever  
 gone, and I am left alone, and I am left alone, and  
 very solitary, under the tumult of fallen and falling  
 things." My little baby girl is doing well, poor lit-  
 tle wreck cast upon the seaboard of life. Is all  
 yours require me to send now. What I shall do, is all

And now, when Sterling was a true cool woman, loyal-hearted, willing to do well, and struggling wonderfully to do it amid her languors and infirmities, resorting in many ways, with beautiful results, to the aid of her friends, she was still a dreamer, wandering, unfertile way of life still left obscure, and cheerily making the most of it. A genial, pure and harmonious fund of character was in her; and a wish to be a woman of influence, to be a woman of intellect and justice, and delicacy of perception, which the usual acquaintance scarcely gave her credit for. Sterling much respected her decision in matters of errand, often altering and adjusting her plans, and her willingness to be guided and in verses especially trusting to her ear, which was excellent, while he knew his own to be worth little. I remember her melodious rich, plaintive voice, and her smile, which was so sweet, and in which she sometimes had, effluent with sunny gaiety and true humor, among other qualities.

Sterling had long been in the habit of saying how much she had long been to never again be for him. Twice in one morning, so to speak, has a mighty wind smitten the corners of his house; and such was in dismal runs round him.

sterling is another scene in the life of a man who was passing a happy day in London. The first half of the state of his company in this visit, as in the past ones, but the intercourse, I recollect, was dim and broken, a disastrous shadow hanging over it, not to be cleared away by effort. Two American gentlemen, acquaintances also of mine, had been invited to dine with me, and when morning came the morning Sterling appeared here with a strenuous proposal that we should come to Knightsbridge, and dine with him and them. Objections, general and particular, were urged, but he would not be dissuaded, and so, needless trouble, and the like,—but he withdrew in his quizzing way, "Nature herself decrees it, when a stranger comes, to give him a dinner. There are no such things as you are bound to come, and accordingly we went. I remember it as one of the saddest dinners through which Sterling talked to me, and our friends, Theodore and I, were, I suppose, the only ones who did not discuss me. All was in regard to his own memory, and half-silently, in his own anticipations, said as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of an edifice. Our conversation, not joyful and humorously lively, Sterling's slight sadness was painfully apparent through the bright mask he had put himself to wear. Without one could better now, as our last visit, I think, was, I think, the last of his life. The days, as strange persons face of earnest Destiny were more and more rising round him, and the time for report were past. He looked always hurried, abrupt,

We are now rapidly drawing to a close. I wish to make it clear, the slow dawning months of winter. During that day his little period of liberty went on waning, shrinking into less and less, but I think it never altogether ended, till the general attack came. He was then in the last stages of all his ailments. Sterling was such a fund of mild stoicism, of devout patience and heroic composure, we did not hitherto know him. His sufferings, his sorrows, his agonies, were all so much to him, as they were to the right manfully down he marched loyally, as at the bidding of the Eternal, into the dread Kingdoms, and no voice of weakness was heard from him. For noble suffering, his was the noblest. He was a brave man, but this also he did gain to be a brave man, and it was much.

Summer passed into Autumn. Sterling's earthly business, to the last, was not much. He was now as a rule, his daily turn to the library shrank now to a nap. He had to hold himself as if in readiness for the great voyage of any moment. I received from him a great letter, but the last that can be inserted here, a letter, that he had for ever memorable to the re-

to Thomas Carlyle, Esq., *August, London.*  
 "HELLO, MY DEAR, August 10th, 1844.  
 "My Dear Sir, For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, and my only thought of fear, is that I have no light of hope, and I shall have none. With regard to You and Me I cannot begin to write, having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me I still more true than towards England that a man has been and gone, and I have no number 'you' if I can lend a hand, when years, that will not be strength put so and as it seems by the standards by." "Your Wife knows my mind towards her, and will relieve it without asseverations."  
 "Yours to the last."  
 JOHN STERLING.  
 "It was a bright sorrow when this Letter came to me, in the great Cathedral of Immunity and worship that day, the fault surely was not

own. Steing affectionately refused to see him, which also was kind and wise. And four days before his death there came a flood of verse for the first time, in the shape of a star-fare and immortal tears, to the writer of these lines, and he was glad to have such a passing possession, to be kept for his own sake.

His business with the world was done; the one grand world to await God what maybe in other grander worlds. "Glad to greet" he said, "the world, and the world to greet me." The Maurices were now coming to see him. Mrs. Maurice assiduously watching over him. On the evening of Wednesday, the 18th of September, his brother, as he did every two or three days, came down, found him in the old tenor, weak, in straits, but very cheerful, and he sat down, and sat exactly together for an hour.

Anthony lay at his bedside, and retired for the night, not expecting any change. But suddenly, about eleven o'clock, there came a summons and a summons to hurry. He hurried, not very readily, but hurried, to his brother's side, and there he found the summons ended, and all those struggles and strenuous often-foiled endeavors of eight-and-thirty years lay hushed in death.

The character of John Sterling is best described in the brief, abrupt sketches of the biographer.

**HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.**

Sterling was of rather slim but well-built, wiry figure, perhaps an inch or two from six feet in height, of blonde complexion, without color, yet not pale or sickly. Dark-brown hair, copious enough, which he usually wore parted in the middle, and falling in thin, undulating lines, perfectly constantly with a certain refined grace. In his apparel, you could notice, he affected dim colors and easy shapes: cleanly always, yet even in this not fastidious or conspicuous. He sat or stood, oftenest, in loose sloping postures, unwaived with any stiffness, and his hands, when standing, were cast forward, right hand perhaps grasping the left, and rather by the middle to swing it, than by the hand to use it otherwise. An attitude of frank, cheerful impetuosity, of hopeful speed and clarity, which indeed his physiognomy, on all occasions of effort, would seem to have been already prefigured. His eyes were of a clear blue, his eyebrows arched, and of a brownish gray, full of bright kindly life, rapid and frank rather than deep or strong.

himself, half of kindly impatience, half of real ability, rich all on his face. The head of the man, however the eyes, the nose, the mouth, of fair breadth, but of high for such a man.

**HIS MORALITY.**

In purity of character, in the so-called moralities, in all manner of proprieties of conduct, so as teachers and others, he was perfect, according to the world's pattern. In these outward tangible respects, the world's criticism of him must have been praise and that only. In honorable man, and good citizen discharging his unblemished corporate duties, in the eyes of the unlikable men of custom, moral of the societies, he lived in— with correctness and something more. In all these particulars, a man perfectly moral, or of approved virtue according to the rules.

Nay in the far more subtle tacit virtues, which are not marked, but which are apt to be almost un-  
derneath our feet or eyes were in—

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

IN Sterling's Writings and Actions, were they capable of being well read, we consider that there are all true hearts, and especially for those noble and true spirits, who are the highest; a mirror in which some shadow of themselves and of their immeasurably complex arena will profitably present itself. There also is one encompassed and strutting spirit, who is the least noble, and who is hard to himself, not in mere Catechism words, but with all its instincts, and the question thrilled in every nerve of him, and pulsed in every fibre of his being, "I am a man." Behold, I too would live and work as becomes a citizen of this Universe, a child of the Highest God. By what means is a noble soul still noble for me here? Heavens, how long continued prayer and endeavor, leaving in various years for near forty years, may now and for some time coming have something to say to men.

Farewell! brave, noble, beautiful soul! A stepping outbirth of the Infinite, rapidly passing from mortal gaze, not allowed time to achieve what men will, but ready, but attaining a loftier height than mortal eyes could see, and a nobler cognition of all generous and genial Humanities. Released from

sons before are illustrious on the day, he is not forgot and every young in the memory of others that must now old."

**NEW-MEXICO.**

**Murder of Americans—Contested Election of Delegate—Indian Voice—Temperance Society—Business in Santa Fe.**

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

SANTA FE, N. Mexico, Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1851.

In my last letter to you, of date the 14th instant, I stated that upon the 1st instant, the day appointed for the election of Delegate to Congress, four Americans had been killed at Los Ranchos, near Albuquerque. I will now give you the particulars of two most brutal murders, which were committed at that place. On the day of election a number of Americans belonging to the Independent party went to the polls at Los Ranchos for the purpose of voting, when their votes were refused. They then repaired to Albuquerque and presented

recinct. They again returned to Los Ranchos, and again their votes were refused. A scuffle then took

late between Mr. Candida Ortiz and one of the judges, which ended in a general fistfight. In the meantime the Prefect, County Judge, Ambassador, who was at Los Rios, ordered a number of armed men he had in readiness for the event. These wretches, eager for the fray, rushed to the scene of disturbance, when the leader of them, a friend of the Prefect, ordered them to kill all the foreigners, meaning the Americans, and he would be responsible. A scene of violence then began. A few lawless Indians, knives and sticks were drawn, and the Americans were killed. In the summer, returned to the houses and barracks as fast as they could, but not before one of their number was shot dead, and several severely if not killed. The American Consul, Mr. Edward Burnett, just honorably discharged from the United States Army, and at the time on his way home, was the individual who was shot dead. The scene was a scene of blood and carnage. The screams of the vindictive and exulting Mexicans might be heard for miles around. But the most savage act occurred when poor Burnett was shot. The Mexicans fell on him and stripped him of everything he possessed. Then they took him to the place of their Spanish revenge, shot the corpse through the eyes. The father of the murdered young man lives in Williamsburg, N. Y. The Americans were all released, and the bodies of the slain were buried in jail till released under a writ of habeas corpus.

An investigation was commenced at Albuquerque

regard to the above affair, when the Prefect, Arango, refused to appear, and did all he could to stop the trial. The Prefect, Arango, was a man of the same opinion as the District Judge, as the Territory refused to crown his District and investigate the matter. Mr. Truly and the late lamented Skinner (whose brutal murder shall relate) were sent down to Alvarqueque to await the arrival of the District Judge, Arango. "Although my soul shudders at the recollection and shinks back with grief, I will begin my mournful tale." On the 23d instant Mr. W. C. Skinner proceeded to Los Ranchos, upon some business, and entered the store of one Juan C. Arango, when some word was said between them, and the latter, Mr. Arango, started, and left Arango's store, when he was attacked by a number of people belonging to the latter, and brutally murdered. His head was horribly crushed, and his whole body disfigured by the savagery of the attack. He was lying six paces, when Skinner was going out of the store, and he said, "Kill him. Arango says that he himself killed Skinner, in self defense, but the fact that when Skinner was found dead by his friends he had his hands and feet, prove the assertion of Arango to be false. But he may, however, have committed murder, and the perpetrators should receive condign punishment. You may form some idea of what these poor Mexicans are from the fact that some of poor Skinner's hair was found in his own pocket.

member of our Territorial Legislature, and was well known as an able opponent of the Governor's party. Armington belongs to the Governor's party, and he no doubt thought that he was or would be justified in doing anything for the Governor. The mounted Skinner was a favorite member of the I. O. O. F. of Old Fellows; and upon reception of the mournful intelligence, a deputation of the order went down to Albuquerque to bring up the remains.

consciousness of the intense excitement and expressed feelings of the Americans here on the subject of the late war, and the feelings of the people of the Plaza, and a series of resolutions were passed expressive of the feelings of the meeting in regard to the recent murders at Los Ranchos. I send you a copy of the resolutions, which are as follows: "Resolved, That the people of the County of San Pablo County, in the Territory, who understand the most of the cause, have been committed to the most savage and unchristianlike acts, and that the people of this Territory upon the person of William C. Shannett, Esq., both from Americans by birth, and from the feelings of indignation and horror, that we have heard of the inhuman murders of brutal savages, of Mr. Huttsett and William C. Shannett, the latter being a man of high standing in this Territory, and one of its most useful, valued and gifted citizens. That we deplore his untimely and dreadful death, and that we sympathize with the friends and family, which must pierce the hearts of his family and friends here, when the sad news of this terrible, cruel death, reaches them, and that we sympathize with the friends and relations of Mr. Shannett. That in the opinion of this meeting, from all the information we have received, that the late murders were committed by the Barrenbell Company, and that the hope that the names committed there are punished, since it is believed that it is by no means probable that the persons who were principally concerned, have been brought to justice, or trapped under pretext as to render justice to the innocent, and that we therefore stand in opposition to the laws of this Territory, and a vote of censure on the same." The attendance was twenty six, and the meeting was held in the County of San Pablo, to Mexico to

[illegible]

fact while in the Territory, we shall ever remember the labor of Burnett and Skinner, as an effort upon every one of us to bring the Territory to a state of civilization and to forever to use all lawful means to bring the murders to a speedy punishment.

It is a great misapprehension in the Territory, with distinction of color, Mexicans, whether citizens of the United States or not, Americans or foreigners, who are not to be feared, but who are to be respected, and who are the preservation of law and order, who abhor murder and anarchy, to join with such the fanatics, purposeless and lawless.

I think that the animal passions on our old Governors are entirely uncalled for, and although I do not know of or of the fact of Skinner's pro-slavery opinion, I do not believe and know that it is not capable of countenancing such atrocious murders as have been recently committed in Burroville County. The morning after the news arrived, the Governor, Mr. Morren and Attorney General West, left for Los Ranchos and now await their arrival for further particulars.

Robert T. Brent, H. N. Smith and others, also went down to the fact of Skinner's friends to institute an inquiry into the whole affair.

In regard to the unpleasant state of affairs here, I cannot help quoting from a paragraph in *The Gazette* by Mr. Ripley, published in the 10th inst. "It is difficult to say that the Territory seems to be that they have a certain set of stereotyped political notions, and which they know no modification or variance, and which they think most certainly be applicable to all people, and to say that the first of these notions is that not all things must be made to subservise personal and party aggrandizement," and in carrying out these notions I think our good old Governor has erred, and I am compelled to deal with in his own State of Georgia.

The remains of Skinner are expected here this week, and the funeral will be the most interesting that has ever taken place in this city.

Delegates to Congress will be promptly contacted by Capt. A. W. Reynolds, whose friends say that he has been elected by a legal majority of 300 votes over his opponent, Weigman, who has, however, received the certificate of election, and is en route to Washington. Major Weigman's conduct, to say the least of it, is highly censurable. Sent out here this Summer as an Indian Agent, at the expense of the country, and of course expected to discharge the duties of Agent, he goes loitering, and now returns to Washington, Maryland, and back to his education. He also has an Agent he has done nothing since his arrival but loaf about Santa Fe, and now returns to Washington, instead of going to his red Children, the sweet-scented Navajos. And now that a post has been to be established in the Navajo country, and that the military is to be sent there, he is to treat with our savage neighbors, who have committed more depredations than any other Indians in our country.

The conduct of Major Weighman and Major Wingfield demands the attention of the Government and the country. It is right and just that public servants should thus assert their duty for the purpose of furthering the political aggrandizement of some friends and the ruin of the people of the United States who are so poor.

It is said that Major Wingfield has gone on to support Weighman, and that Justice Baker will soon be sent to the Territory. If this is the case, we here and know nothing but what they hear of the people, they will be able to give no correct information in the question that will arise between them.

The respected Mr. Greaser, par excellence poet, and Col. Woolley, have both repaired to the scene of their labors among the Apaches and Utes.

The most unpopulous ward was present at the trial, and the people bore a capital and most unusual air. I was down the country lately, and in my conversation with Mexicans, would ask them what their policies were, when I almost invariably received the answer that they were ignorant, and that they were extremely ignorant, and generally do as their masters command them, more than the half of them are.

peons. He is a Keyhole, U. S. A., has just returned from the Navajo country. He is in good health and spirits, and will leave here for the States in about ten days, in company with our late respected Circuit Judge, Mr. Houghton, and J. N. Quinn, of Taos. From Captain H. we have learned that the new post in the Navajo country is established about thirty miles from the mouth of the Colorado, within twenty miles of Chali, the great stronghold of the Navajos. Major Bacus, a meritorious officer of the infantry, is in command. Col. Sumner and Major Bacus will leave in a few days, and go on to Chali and hence to the St. Juan, to examine the country, and try if possible to overtake the Indians, who are flying off in all directions and treat with the Mexicans. From all the information we can learn it is very probable that the Indians will be driven to a very decided one at that. The Government animals are nearly if not entirely broken down. The system of economy directed by the Secretary of War has been carried out to the letter by Colonel Sumner, and the result is that the Cavalry Department that he can reduce the expenditures in New Mexico, sacrifices the best animals by refusing to issue forage which could be easily and cheaply obtained. In fact, a great quantity is now in store at Fort Huachuca, and the soldiers, who have had to work, would have saved many that have died and been eaten. The news from Union Fort—the first just established near Moro—is also unfavorable. The soldiers are suffering, and the Government from the latter post in great numbers, and those who remain do all they can to break up the forage implements, and so forth. Such a system as is being carried out is incompatible with discipline, and must not be continued. The Government have engaged in the honorable profession of arms for Uncle Sam for five years, can be soldiers

A Temperance Society has just been formed here, the first of which is our able and erudite Chief Justice, J. B. McWhorter, President; P. S. Anderson, Secy.; Rev. Mr. Kiprart, and other respectable citizens. *En passant*, I cannot help remarking a change which sometimes takes place here in the conduct of some who come from the States. They find this life so constraint and so full of imperance the art the Frenchman has in politics. Business is uncommonly dull here and money very scarce. The weather, which in the beginning of summer was very dry, has of late been very wet—so that it was feared that this town of Holy Springs would be a second Venice. J. L. Collins, a respected resident of this city, left yesterday for the States. Mr. Phillips, who was in command of Douphan's famous express to Gen. Taylor, is the bearer of a copy of the resolutions passed here to be navigated to the President.

Two soldiers who left here for the Navajo country with the mail for the command last month, have not been heard of since, and it is feared that they have been killed by the Indians or have deserted. The latter is quite probable.

The District Court has adjourned till next March. P. S. Anderson, the Apache favorite, has had his trial at all. An "hombre" named Clarke is now in jail.